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## **In Memoriam**









*Charles R. Sawyer*

# In Memoriam

CHARLES B. SAWYER

(1819-1896)

AND

ELIZABETH E. T. SAWYER

(1822-1900)

"What is the grave to these? Can it divide  
The destiny of two made one?  
They step across and reach the other side  
And know the blended life is but begun."

Sawyer, Charles Adrian



PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY

CHICAGO

1902

THIS  
MEMORIAL VOLUME  
IS  
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
TO THE  
FRIENDS AND KINDRED  
OF MY  
FATHER AND MOTHER

*CHARLES ADRIAN SAWYER*

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**Charles Bailey Sawyer**

(vii)

**"He who, giving, does not crave,  
Likest is to Him who gave  
Life itself the loved to save."**

---

**"Love that self-forgetful gives,  
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,  
Late or soon its own receives."**

## In Memoriam.

---

CHARLES BAILEY SAWYER was born in Warwick, a little town in Western Massachusetts, August 7, 1819. He was the youngest born of the five children of Eliakim Sawyer and Hannah (Bailey) Sawyer. The common ancestor of the family, Thomas Sawyer, was among the first six settlers of Lancaster, Worcester County, in the same State, who were the founders of the town. He was a native of Lincolnshire, England, born in 1618, and, seeking his fortune in America, arrived at Rowley, Mass., as early as 1636, in his eighteenth year. From thence he removed to Lancaster in 1647.

It is not desirable or possible for the writer of this brief memorial to indulge in what has been called the "innocent necromancy" of calling the ancient dead out of their graves and making them play their drama over again. In the case of the Sawyer ancestry, however, a few interesting particulars of Lancaster and its people naturally belong in this sketch.

Lancaster is by several years the oldest town in



Worcester County. Settlers came as early as 1643, and the town (incorporated in 1653) dates its beginning ninety years before the incorporation of the county. The Sawyer history is blended with that of the original town and its offshoot, Sterling (set off from Lancaster in 1781), and the progress, trials and sufferings of the early settlers and their descendants form a substantial part of the family history.

Thomas Sawyer married Marie Prescott, the daughter of John Prescott, who settled in Lancaster a few months before the coming of his future son-in-law in 1647. The original settlers and their descendants took a conspicuous and active part in the civil and military history of the town and furnished their quota of enterprising townsmen, patriots and soldiers. The intermingled family relationship embraces the Houghtons, Baileys, Ruggs, Joslins, Wilders and others who were prominent in the town in the early days, together with the Sawyers and Prescotts.

In 1653, ten years after the first settlement, there were only nine families in Lancaster. In that year the township was formed, the General Court granting the petition and ordering that it be called Lancaster. In 1656 there were forty-eight settlers admitted to proprietary rights, and four years afterward the number was increased only by seven. The

settlers were careful whom they admitted as proprietors and were evidently in no great haste to secure neighbors. In 1675, however, the year of the first Indian raid, the township contained about 350 people, denoting a large increase in the previous fifteen years.

"The social life of the plantation," writes one of the historians of Lancaster, "was kept up by frequent visits, by meeting on the Sabbath and at trainings, and by all those raisings, huskings, bees and other gatherings that were frequent before people began to depend on traveling showmen and songsters for their amusement." Speaking of the character of the country in and around Lancaster, the Rev. A. P. Marvin, for many years the well-known editor of the *Boston Recorder*, says: "Whether the fertility of the soil, or the beauty of the scenery, or the sweetness, purity, and abundance of the springs, or the amount of water-power for mills, or the salubrity of the air is considered, the township is probably unsurpassed by any in New England. The windings of the Nashua River and the numerous wood-enclosed ponds which gem the surface, with the broad and rich intervalles, the plains, plateaus and gently sloping hills, make almost every rod of the town pleasant to behold." It was in this beau-

tiful locality, so well described, that the original settlers of Lancaster, and after them their descendants, sought to live in peace and enjoy—

“ The easeful days, the dreamless nights,  
The homely round of plain delights,  
The calm, the unambitioned mind,  
Which all men seek, and few men find.”

The repose of these “easeful days” was rudely broken by the first Indian raid of August 22, 1675, an event entirely unexpected, and for which no preparation had been made. After this, five places were fortified and so distributed that all families could find shelter in an emergency. One of these primitive garrisons was fixed at the house of Thomas Sawyer, of which he was the chosen commander. Another was that of John Prescott, his father-in-law. In February, 1676, another attack was made, much more serious than the previous one, since it was planned to attack five places at once to prevent the union of the forces. Over fifty of the whites were slain, and the town burned by the Indians. This calamity was followed by a few years of peace, but in 1697 the Indians were again on the warpath and several times subsequently. At the beginning of King William’s War the town had taken steps towards its defense against the Indians, and among those assigned to command of the garrisons were Thomas Sawyer and

his youngest son, Nathaniel, with others of the family connection. October 26, 1705, Thomas Sawyer, Jr., and his son Elias were captured and taken to Canada in one of the raids incited by the French. After enduring many hardships, the father returned safely having narrowly escaped death. The town historian gives an interesting account of the romantic escape and release of the captives after the elder Sawyer had been prepared for torture at the stake: "A friar successfully excited the superstitious fears of the savages by brandishing a key and threatening with it to unlock the doors of purgatory and thrust them into eternal fires if they did not release their prisoner to him." He adds that the friar was "probably incited thereto by the French governor, who wished to avail himself of Sawyer's promised skill in the construction of a mill upon the Chambly." The mill built—"the first in all Canada"—Thomas Sawyer was released and returned to Lancaster with a companion captive. Elias was detained a year longer, to run the mill and instruct others in the art of sawing.

The dangers and privations of the Lancaster settlers did not close with the wars and incidents thus far related. "In the last French and Indian wars, from 1755 to 1763," according to the records, "the

town furnished men without stint, and some were in all fights, combats and battles from the first at Lake George to Quebec, the whole being a story of sacrifice, heroism and triumph."

In the Revolutionary struggle, Lancaster bore an honorable and heroic part. In 1773 the town raised money to buy "cannon, arms and ammunition, balls and powder" in preparation for the coming conflict in which America gained her independence. When the news came from Lexington that the great conflict had opened, her minute-men hastened to Cambridge to aid in repelling the royal forces. The Declaration of Independence was inscribed on the records of the town in "perpetual memorial" and was received, we are told, "with solemn delight."

Among the Sawyer ancestors who responded to the alarm of Lexington, were Abijah Houghton, who was later at the siege of Boston and at Bunker Hill, and Shubael Bailey, honorably discharged from the service in 1777. Over 300 soldiers joined the Continental army from Lancaster. A number of the Sawyers, Prescotts, Houghtons and Baileys were prominent in civil and military life during that period. They all took an active interest in public affairs. Thomas Sawyer was a member of the Governor's Council in the early years. He died





THOMAS SAWYER'S GRAVE, LANCASTER, MASS.

September 12, 1706. The inscription on the stone over his ancient grave in the old Lancaster burial ground is still fairly legible after nearly two centuries; for though

"Dead and gone  
You can see his leaning slate  
In the graveyard and thereon  
Read his name and date."

In the sixth generation from Thomas Sawyer, the founder of the American family, came Charles Bailey Sawyer, of Chicago, with an added strain of Revolutionary blood through his mother, a combination of colonial and patriotic ancestry of which any one might well be proud. His father, Eliakim, was born in Lancaster, January 22, 1786. He was a skilled mechanic and married, July 3, 1810, Hannah Bailey, daughter of Shubael Bailey, a resident of the adjoining town of Sterling, who, we have seen, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. This maternal grandfather of Charles B. Sawyer was quite a celebrity in his neighborhood on account of his immense bodily proportions and corresponding muscular strength. He was six feet and seven inches tall, weighed over 300 pounds and was a veritable Samson, if all the stories told about him are true, for it is stated that he could hold full-grown men at arm's length, one in each hand.



Shubael Bailey was present at Cambridge and in the line when Washington took command of the Continental army. He towered above all others and had a pitchfork as a weapon. Washington's attention was attracted by the spectacle of the giant thus formidably armed, and a brief conversation followed, in which Washington questioned Shubael in regard to his home and the family.

Shubael died in 1824, at the age of 84. He is buried in Sterling. His wife, Hannah Whitmore, was born in Boston in 1744 and died in Sterling at the great age of 94. There were nine children of this marriage, five sons and four daughters, all of them living to beyond 80 years, and Manasseh, one of the sons, to 90, a remarkable record of longevity in so large a family. Evidently conditions of scene and climate predisposed to longevity in these old New England towns. Venerable age was not an unusual peculiarity of the majority of the people of Lancaster and Sterling.

Shubael Bailey was a religious man and very careful and exact in all his business relations. An old deed exists which shows that in 1821 he transferred to Manasseh, "in consideration of the sum of twenty-six dollars, eighty-one cents and two mills," one half of pew number one in Sterling meeting-

house. In this deed he spelled his name *Bayley*, but Manasseh rendered it afterward *Bailey*.

Col. James Bailey, a relative of Shubael, served on Gen. La Fayette's staff, and when the General visited America in 1825, he went to Sterling and remained one week at the home of his old companion in arms. Col. Bailey died at the age of 103 — another remarkable instance of the family longevity.

Eliakim Sawyer and his wife, Hannah Bailey, had five children, of whom Charles Bailey was the youngest. The others were Eliakim, Lucy Ann, Samuel Ward and George M. At what time the family was established at Warwick, or how long it remained there, is not known. It is inferred that only a brief period of the boyhood years of Charles was spent in his native village, for while yet quite young we find him in Boston employed as errand-boy and clerk in a store during the day, and early in the morning engaged in that business always more or less attractive to American youngsters, carrying newspapers. Later, his employer, taking an interest in him, furnished him with books and encouraged him in his studies. When some years older he was a clerk for Thomas Page, a dealer in china and crockery on Washington Street, whose business he bought out before he was 21 years old. In this,

his first business venture, he was assisted by the famous Unitarian divine, Dr. Parkman, who loaned him money in small sums to make the purchase. During this time, or for a portion of it, at least, he lived at home with his parents and was of material assistance in maintaining the home; and it was doubtless the improved opportunities for skilled mechanics and workmen that Boston afforded that resulted in the removal of Eliakim and his family from Warwick to Boston, where the youngest son entered upon his business career.

During the six or seven years that Mr. Sawyer was in business in Boston, there was laid the foundation of the career of the future successful merchant. His fine business ability was destined to be displayed in larger fields and with greater resources. Like many young men at that time and since, his thought turned to the West as the best field for opportunity and progress. He therefore came west in 1846 and settled first at St. Louis, accepting a position as an accountant with the firm of Pettes, Chickering & Co., dealers in general merchandise. He remained with this firm until 1853, when he returned to Boston, temporarily. In 1855 he became interested in a mining venture in Alton, Ill., the particulars of which are not known, but it is inferred that it was

not remunerative. While in Alton he met or possibly renewed his acquaintance with Samuel C. Davis, of St. Louis, with whom he formed the partnership that brought him to Chicago in December of the same year, when the firm of Davis, Sawyer & Co. was organized as a branch of the St. Louis house of Samuel C. Davis & Co., dealers in dry goods, hats and caps, boots and shoes and notions.

On the last day of July, 1851, Mr. Sawyer was married in Boston to Elizabeth Emerson Turner, and returning to St. Louis, that city became their home for a few years, with another brief residence in Boston, until the removal to Chicago. It was during the temporary residence in Boston that the son, and only child, Charles Adrian, was born (Dorchester, December 6, 1854). He was graduated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1876, studied law and was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1879. In more recent years he was associated with his father in real estate, and is now engaged in the care of the large property which descended to him on the death of his parents. He married, December 3, 1879, Florence Clifton Ames, daughter of Dr. Seth Coleman Ames, of Boston, and has had six children, four of whom are now living — Charles Adrian, born 19th August, 1881, Clifton Ames, born 9th May, 1885,

Emerson Gould, born September 23, 1895; and Harold Turner, born June 8, 1900. Charles Coleman, born 17th October, 1880, died in infancy, and Abbie Elizabeth, born 17th December, 1883, died in May, 1884.

We are favored with a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer in St. Louis in the year following their marriage in the following communication, obligingly furnished by Rev. George S. Weaver, D. D., of Canton, N. Y.:

"In the summer of 1852," writes Dr. Weaver, "I went to St. Louis, and found a new Universalist parish, which besought me to stop with them and become their pastor. Among these people I found Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, lately there from Massachusetts, he from Boston, and she from Lowell. They had been married but a little while and had gone to St. Louis, a comparatively new city, to develop their fortunes in its new life. My congregation was made up mostly of people from the North, who had gone there, as the Sawyers had, to try their fortunes in the life of that fast-growing young city. I soon got acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer and enjoyed them as among my freshest arrivals from the Yankee land. They had the tone and qualities of Boston. In dress, manners, conversation, they were genuinely Bostonian. They were noticeable at once as a bit of Boston in St. Louis.

"I do not remember much about his business, save that he was connected with a well-established business house. That was forty-nine years ago, and I was less acquainted with the business affairs of my parishioners than I became later in my life. It was the common opinion among my people that he was a first-class business man and had first-class business connections in the city.

"Mr. Sawyer and his wife were very regular in their attendance at church and greatly respected among their religious associates. They were held as pattern people, a credit to the church, their faith and their business relations. They could not have foreseen the coming of the war, and did not, so far as I knew, object to the general conditions of society in St. Louis. They were cordial and hearty in their social relations and high-toned in all their ideals of life. They boarded during all their stay in St. Louis, an indication that they did not feel themselves settled there as in a permanent home.

"As they made a home of their own in Chicago, myself and wife, were invited to share it with them as often as we could, which occurred several times. My wife and Mrs. Sawyer kept up an occasional correspondence as long as the latter lived. I held a more frequent correspondence with Mr. Sawyer, both in the way of friendship and business, to the close of his life, so that we came to know each other much as we should if we had lived in the same family. My last visit was at the time of the World's Fair, when, in company with Dr. A. A. Miner, of Boston, who had been Mrs. Sawyer's pastor in Lowell, we had a visit of three weeks. Our wives were too feeble to accompany us.

"They were very worthy people, who always enriched the community in which they lived, were noble in character and conduct, were helpful to all good causes and were enterprising in behalf of the higher interests of good society. They were of the best New England stock, who improved by going west and taking hold of the interests of a new order of society. A residence of a year and a half in Chicago in 1884 and '85 so enriched our acquaintance with them as to assure us that our high estimate of them was not at fault. So we feel it a privilege to add a word of hearty approval to this rehearsal of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Sawyer."

The firm of Davis, Sawyer & Co., established in Chicago, December, 1855, continued for several years and was prosperous. Mr. Sawyer finally bought out

his partner and confined his attention to boots and shoes as a manufacturer and wholesale dealer, at 38 and 40 Lake Street, until the Chicago fire in 1871. Mr. Sawyer having become interested in outside matters which demanded his entire attention, the business was not resumed after that event. So his career as a merchant closed with the great fire which destroyed over 17,000 buildings and involved a loss of \$200,000,000.

Mr. Sawyer's success in the commercial world of Chicago even at this time is evinced by his connection as a capitalist with the Fifth National Bank, afterward successively the National Bank of America, the America National and now merged with other banking institutions in the Corn Exchange National. For the five years ending January 1, 1874, he was the president of that institution, the important responsibilities of which position he was well prepared to meet by his careful and conservative methods and happy, courteous manner of dealing with all classes. It was during this time that he began his real-estate investments, finally turning all his business energies into that channel.

About the time that the late George M. Pullman located the manufacturing city which bears his name (now within the corporate limits of Chicago) Mr.

Sawyer purchased a large tract of land at Kensington, adjoining the Pullman property, and placed it on the market in lots for small purchasers. Subsequently another large acre purchase was made on the Blue Island Ridge and adjoining the original purchase. The care of this and his real estate on the West Side, adjoining Douglas Park, mainly occupied his attention during the remaining years of his life. The sale of this property in lots to people who desired to build homes brought him in constant connection with many worthy but struggling workmen and mechanics, forming an interesting but at times trying clientèle. In these numerous real-estate deals with deferred payments, Mr. Sawyer was always considerate with his customers. When hard times intervened, or sickness or loss of employment caused a departure from the terms of the contract, he frequently aided the worthy unfortunates, assisting them to keep their property. Among the sincerest mourners at his death were those who remembered his kindly consideration in such emergencies, and who bore testimony that he was not numbered among those whose exactions oppressed the poor.

Mr. Sawyer's religious connections, as those of Mrs. Sawyer, as may be inferred from what has been written, were with the Universalist Church, although



as a young man, and until the time of his marriage, he attended Unitarian services. Mrs. Sawyer was born in the Universalist Church and had the birth-right interest in it. They were a New England couple who honored their religious lineage, and both were well grounded in the cheerful and sunny faith that corresponded so perfectly with their own hopeful views of life and the future.

We have seen that in St. Louis they did not seek alliance with the wealthy and prosperous orthodox Churches of that conservative city, but attended Dr. Weaver's congregation, giving their presence and influence to the struggling society of the Universalist faith. Soon after they came to Chicago they, connected themselves with St. Paul's Church, and "For nearly forty years," writes Rev. Dr. Cantwell, in *The Universalist*, "Mr. Sawyer was prominent in the affairs of that Church, a constant attendant upon its services and one of its liberal supporters. His services on the Board of Trustees and as the treasurer of the society for many years were invaluable. In all the business concerns of the parish he was looked up to and recognized as a safe counselor and an administrator of rare wisdom. St. Paul's Church has been made strong and rich in its institutional life by the practical help and life-long devotion

of such men as James H. Swan and Charles B. Sawyer. These men were devoted friends. Death has taken them from us within a month of each other. While we mourn their loss, we remember their faithfulness and honor their precious memory."

Mr. Sawyer was a man of noble presence and courtly manners, singularly modest and unassuming, even retiring in disposition. He was sympathetic, tender-hearted, patient, courteous to all, and at all times conspicuously so to his employees and those in a lower social position with whom he was brought in contact. He was forbearing and forgiving, quick to grant a favor or to appreciate one extended to him, but slow to ask a return. He looked the gentleman that he was, his fine countenance reflecting the inner purity and refinement of his nature. He was a man to attract attention in any company by his noble appearance and the fine courtesy of his manner.

It has been said of him by those who knew him intimately, as neighbors or business friends, that he was an ideal Christian gentleman, as well as a sound, conservative business man. He was, moreover, an ideal husband and father and during his mother's life a most devoted and attentive son. He always manifested the liveliest interest and solicitude with

regard to his relatives and those with whom he was connected by the ties of marriage, to the end that they might enjoy all the material as well as spiritual comforts that were within his power to supply. The heartfelt testimony of a son, a loving daughter-in-law and grandchildren, as well as his sisters-in-law, to whom he was always a devoted brother, all tends to prove that all that has been said and more might be truthfully added to the meed of praise which was his due, and which will be a monument of the treasured past to all, as well as an example for the future of those who survive him. While his public benefactions were large, they were eclipsed by many acts of practical philanthropy in private life, and the memory of good deeds done will prove more enduring (and to him more satisfactory) than encomiums of the press or a colossal shaft of marble over his remains.

Mr. Sawyer was never prominent in public life although with well-defined opinions on municipal and national affairs, which he did not hesitate to express on all proper occasions. He was of the Republican faith in politics and was one of the early members of the Union League Club. His steadfast friendship of many years with his pastor, Rev. W. H. Ryder, D. D., and Mrs. Sawyer's active

interest in humanitarian work, brought him at times into close connections with many of the charitable and reform institutions of Chicago. He was particularly interested in the Chicago Hospital for Women and Children, and was one of the trustees of that noble undertaking in 1873 and several subsequent years. He shared his wife's interest in many of these benevolences, giving from time to time generous aid. It may be also mentioned that, in the summer of 1869, Mr. Sawyer, with Mr. Lewis C. Ellsworth, purchased the charter of the Denver City Railway Company and built and established the road. This was the first street railway in that enterprising city.

The death of Mr. Sawyer occurred January 6, 1896. His illness of several weeks' duration was not at first alarming, but the disease was insidious and made rapid headway even while hope was cherished of recovery. Weeks of suffering weakened the strong constitution, and the remedies employed did not reach the seat of the trouble. With his devoted wife, who was constantly with him, and who hoped almost to the last, he had planned for a sojourn during the remainder of the winter in the lovely home in Pasadena to which he was much attached as a winter residence. There amid the beautiful flowers, the balmy air and sunshine of that delight-

ful clime, he hoped to recruit his overtaxed energies and gain the rest and refreshment demanded for the successful conduct of his large business affairs when he returned in the spring. But it was ordered that he was not to take this journey; another was before him. He was soon to go hence to a more remote and fairer land, where

"Everlasting spring abides  
And never-withering flowers."

He passed away at the family homestead, 1640 Indiana Avenue, surrounded by wife, son and grandchildren, in the 77th year of his age. So hale and vigorous was he until within a few months of his death that many were astonished when his age was made known. Beyond the most of men of his advanced years it was given him to enter upon old age with few of its usual infirmities.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon, January 8, attended by many of the older residents of Chicago, business associates and neighbors and friends. The pastor of St. Paul's Church, Rev. Dr. Andrew J. Canfield, and Rev. J. S. Cantwell, D. D., a friend of many years, paid feeling tributes to his memory. The body was taken the following day to Boston, where the final services were held, and all that was mortal of Charles B.





FAMILY LOT, FOREST HILLS, BOSTON.

Sawyer was reverently laid away in the family lot in Forest Hills. Here also repose the remains of Mrs. Sawyer's father, Jacob Turner, who died in 1865, in Boston, as well as those of her mother, who died at a married sister's home in Lowell, Mass., aged 92, also Mr. Sawyer's mother, Hannah Bailey, who passed away at the Sawyer home in 1872, in her 88th year, and Mr. Sawyer's brothers, George, Samuel and Eliakim. With the same solicitude manifested toward his kindred while living did Mr. Sawyer gather together tenderly the mortal remains of those in his charge and provide for them a final and beautiful resting-place.





**Letters of Sympathy.**

“And if the ear  
Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath  
The brightness of its new inheritance,  
It may be joyful to the parted one  
To feel that earth remembers him in love.”

*John G. Whittier.*

## Letters of Sympathy.

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Following are extracts from letters received by Mrs. Sawyer on the death of her husband:

Rev. Dr. Hanson, who received the sad news of Mr. Sawyer's death in California, wrote to the bereaved companion:

"You do not need that I should tell you how our hearts ache for you. As Mrs. Hanson said when the sad news came, 'One of the best men in the world has gone.' He was indeed a grand man, and no one knows this as well as you who knew him best. We mourn with you and for you. We should mourn without hope or consolation did we not know that One who knows better than we, and who loves us better than we love ourselves or each other, has ordered the best for him and you and all."

Mrs. Lottie M. Moses, of 5019 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, sent the following beautiful words:

"Sympathy is all that we can offer each other at these moments, but nothing we say will lighten the burden. And yet to us who have so many loved ones across the border, the Spirit Land never seems very far away, and as the gates open almost daily to receive other friends, we can almost hear the voices and see the dear faces of the absent. Dear friend, be comforted and take up your life again, its joys as well as its sorrows, in the same loving way that you have always done, for it is but a little while until we both shall see the whys and wherefores which have so troubled us here and will *know* what we now only believe."

Josephine C. Locke, Chicago, wrote:

"The *Evening Post* tells me of your loss and Mr. Sawyer's gain. God comfort you. The heart knoweth its own bitterness

and its own loneliness. Now lean hard upon the arm of Faith. The world of these we call spirits and our material world are one; they mutually penetrate each other. May round and about you be the Everlasting Arms in the hour of trial."

Mrs. H. B. Manford, of Pasadena, expressed sympathy in thoughtful and comforting words:

"What a shock to us and to all his friends everywhere and most of all to you who had watched so closely the days go by with hope always that restoration to health would come in a little while. While the sunshine is upon your California home, and the sweet flowers are giving their incense to all who call at Arlington Heights, there is a shadow over the home at 1640 Indiana Avenue. My dear friend, I know the trial hour of your life is upon you. I will not say what you already know and feel. Another day our hearts will commune over these events that none of us can control."

Rev. Dr. Weaver wrote from Harriman, Tenn., where he was spending the winter:

"I am shocked to-day by the words, 'Charles B. Sawyer is dead.' I can not make it seem possible. It goes to my heart with the fierceness of a bullet. I don't know how to consent to have it so. His fine physique, his noble face, his manly and affable manners, his wisdom in affairs, his kindly and gentle spirit, his loyalty to everything good, is it possible that all this, which we who knew him well prized so much, is all gone? No, I can not believe it. He is not gone from us, but only gone into the deeper, richer realities of life. You know my sympathy is genuine. I have known him forty-three years. He has been all that time one of my ideal men. I have always admired his person, manners, speech and spirit. I have enjoyed his company and felt always how genuine he was always. He had always looked so well and robust that I counted on him to outlive me. I had thought of him as my helper should I ever be in need. He was always so interested in my affairs, and so efficient in his

own, that it has seemed that he was not growing old like the rest of us, but he was going to live these many years. I can not comprehend it."

Mrs. Weaver also sent loving sympathy from her home in Canton, N. Y.:

"I hasten to send you some word of sympathy, but what can I say to you, my dear friend, in this great bereavement? Words seem vain and powerless in such a trial, and yet I know from experience that the expressed sympathy of real friends is a comfort to the afflicted heart. How you will miss his dear presence; you have lived so much in each other, especially in late years, have journeyed so much together seeking health, pleasure and knowledge. But your life with each other has been long as earthly time is measured, and a few more years will unite you again never more to be separated. This trust and faith and spiritual insight will sustain you in this deep affliction, and the memories of the long, happy and useful life you have enjoyed together will become a source of sacred joy in the remaining earthly journey that is before you, and thus shall the peace which is from above still the troubled waters of your soul."

The venerable Thomas J. Sawyer, S. T. D., since ascended (a direct descendant from Thomas Sawyer, of Lancaster, though not closely connected with Mr. Sawyer), wrote from Tufts College, Mass., enforcing the Gospel hope he had preached for over sixty years:

"I am sure you will pardon my intrusion upon your sorrow, since I come to mingle my sympathies with those of your numerous friends and lay a slight claim to share in your loss. I have just this moment read in *The Universalist* the sad notice of Mr. Sawyer's death. I have been so accustomed to meet him on his annual visit to New England that I have come to feel that he and yourself are my old friends. Alas that I shall meet

him no more on this side of the River! But, thank God, this is not the end of our life. There is an infinite Beyond, longer and better than this present. God lives and reigns forever, and because He lives we shall live also. Accept, I pray you, the assurance of my liveliest sympathy with you."

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, of the *Church Union*, New York, and President of the National League for the Promotion of Social Purity:

"I can not say to you how deeply I regret the death of your model husband, not only for you but for myself and all the world. One such husband as he was a real benediction as truly as an inspiration to the youth and manhood of the country. I see no possible way for a woman situated just as you are to ever become quite reconciled to the sorrow which has befallen you."

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's Church expressed sympathy and remembrance:

"The members of our Ladies' Aid Society, just learning of the blow which has fallen so heavily upon you and your household, wish to tender their warm sympathy in your loss. One by one those who have made St. Paul's Church what it is to-day are crossing to the better land, and we feel to their infinite gain, but we pray our Father to make us willing to submit to His will."

Mrs. Clara C. Calkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"I can not tell you how many times you have been in my thoughts since the news of your sorrow came to me; but if the mind can be conscious of love and sympathy, even from a distance and unexpressed, surely my love and sympathy must have already reached and comforted you. I am thinking now of the sweet letter you wrote me when mother died, and wishing that my pen were gifted; but what need to write to you, who know it all so well, of the Father's love, and of the many mansions, and of the nearness of those who have gone before? May God comfort and bless you and yours."

Rev. Charles H. Leonard, D. D., of Tufts Divinity School, College Hill, Mass., wrote as follows:

"I am sure that you will not deem a letter now of love and sympathy intrusive. When I read in the paper that dear Mr. Sawyer had gone from our sight, I wanted to go to you at once. I am trying to think how it will be with you in the Chicago home and that other home on the other side of the continent without Mr. Sawyer as you have been wont to see him. Indeed, it will be hard for you and for all who knew and loved him. What should we do but for the more real presence of our dear ones? And what should we do without our larger hope? This is a very swift letter, but it will tell you of my larger wish to enter into all your present life with help and blessing."

Rev. E. L. Conger, D. D., and Mrs. Conger were among the Pasadena friends who were quick to send loving words:

"I heard last night of your sad affliction and our common loss. Our prayers, Heaven's messengers, reach you, for they have the wings of love. And the calm, cheery, uplifting life that was with you so long embodied in your precious husband, and was yours, is still yours, and nothing can take it from you; blessed inheritance, blessed compensation! These all will help to anchor you in this terrible storm. But words seem so empty. I can only say, our hearts are open to you. Come to us when you can. Come to your home on 'the heights,' that home so much like him, sunny, fragrant, beautiful and serene; come, and you will find him there speaking to you in every flower he watched and loved, and every thought he put into their arrangement and growth. It will help to soothe and heal. Accept the balm when you can."

Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, D. D., wrote from Omaha, Neb.:

"I know that all the comfort that faith and Christian hope



can give are yours; but I know too with what crushing weight this blow has fallen upon you. How little we can help each other in these supreme experiences of life! I can only give you my heartfelt sympathy, and hope you will write me when you feel that you can."

Rev. Henry Irving Cushman, D. D., of Providence, R. I., whose wife died in California, wrote:

"I can hardly tell you how deeply I am moved by the news that your beloved husband has gone from his earthly place. I had not even heard of his illness, and so his going seems to me more like a translation. And he was worthy to be translated; one of the purest and one of the best of men. I wish I could have known of his going, so that I might have sent messages of love to some who have surely welcomed him there. Perhaps, however, he will report to them how we miss them here, and how glad we shall be to meet them by-and-by. I wish I could help you in your loneliness as much as you helped me by words and sympathy just ten months ago. But I can only tell you of my sympathy, and assure you of the gracious comforts of the holy faith, which will not fail you."

The Illinois Woman's Press Association, of which Mrs. Sawyer was a member, adopted the following:

"The members of the Illinois Woman's Press Association desire through us to express to you their sorrow for the great loss of your beloved husband, and to assure you of their sincere sympathy in this hour of your bereavement. May the loving Father, who does not willingly afflict the children of men, grant you peace and comfort and enable you to fulfill the duties and enjoy the blessings of the years yet in store for you."

Mrs. Frank Reifsnider, of Englewood, Ill.:

"How close the ties of friendship! But when sorrow comes the bonds of sympathy seem to envelop our whole being, and make us feel more deeply toward each other. My tears mingle

with yours. I feel that one more of my dear friends has passed away, one who made my younger days joyous and happy, whose doors were always open to receive me, and a hearty welcome from all the household. You can never know how those seeds of kindness have been nourished and grown in my heart. Shall we all meet in the hereafter? I know you will not look on the dark side any longer than you can help."

The Cook County Equal Suffrage Association placed on record the following:

"At the regular meeting of the Cook County Equal Suffrage Association, it was the unanimous sentiment of the assembled ladies that our sympathy for you in your present bereavement and sorrow be made manifest by standing a brief period in silent meditation and thought. Hoping and believing that the gracious and past gifts of comfort and happiness may shower upon you now in time of trouble such comfort and faith as shall seem most needful and merciful, is the earnest wish of this organization. The sincere respect and love of one and all is surely thine. Be comforted, my sister, and grieve not for the inevitable."

Mrs. J. H. Swan, of Chicago, in the sorrow of her own recent bereavement, remembered her friend and the friend of Mr. Swan:

"I was shocked to learn of the death of your dear husband. I had feared that his illness might terminate seriously, yet I did hope that many years of sweet personal communion would still be yours. Oh! what can I say to you to comfort you when I need so much to comfort me? I know too well that words are feeble and almost worthless in these hours of deep sorrow, yet the love and sympathy of dear and loving friends are very sweet to the grieved and broken-hearted. My heart goes out to my dear friend, for I know that you have been blessed (as I was) with a tender, loving husband, ever thoughtful and kind, whose home was the dearest spot on earth, and who made it the dearest place to his beloved family."



**Elizabeth C. C. Sawyer**

"Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store."

*Keble.*



Truly yours  
E. E. T. Sawyer



## In Memoriam.

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ELIZABETH EMERSON TURNER (Mrs. C. B. Sawyer) was born in Lyme, N. H., August 27, 1822. The view from the hill near the house where she first saw the light is described as taking in "some of the grandest scenery of that great realm of grandeur where artists love to linger." Her father, Jacob Turner, was a descendant in the fifth generation from Humphrey Turner, who came from England in 1628 and settled first in Plymouth, Mass., removing to Scituate in 1633, where many of his descendants now live. Mr. Turner was born in Lyme, March 5, 1783. He was a justice of the peace in New Hampshire from 1812-32 and in Massachusetts from 1842-9. He was also selectman of Lyme eight years and represented his town two years in the New Hampshire legislature. His mother was a Cushing, descended from Matthew Cushing, who settled near Boston in 1638. The Cushings are an ancient line and were known in England for several generations before either pilgrim or puritan set sail for America.

Mrs. Sawyer's mother, Mary Wright Emerson,



was born in Chelsea, Vt., July 19, 1799, descended from the Emersons of Ipswich, Mass., also of English lineage. Three of Mrs. Sawyer's ancestors, Francis Cooke, Stephen Hopkins and Damaris Hopkins, his daughter, came in the Mayflower, landing at Plymouth in 1620. Subsequently a son of Francis Cooke, Jacob, came to Plymouth and married Damaris Hopkins and settled in the adjoining town of Kingston. Mrs. Sawyer's mother was the daughter of Elizabeth Cooke of this line and Theodore Emerson. Mrs. Sawyer took a quiet pride in this ancestry reaching back to that pilgrim band whose "honor shall be to the world's end," and also in the fact that the family connection includes the distinguished Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The father of Mrs. Sawyer was a small farmer in his country hill-town, possessed of narrow means, with an uncertain income mainly derived from his fees as a justice. He became an invalid in middle life from an injury to the spine received from the fall of a tree. His means were still further reduced by an unfortunate transaction with a neighbor, whose note he endorsed and had to pay. This resulted in the loss of his farm, leaving him only five hundred dollars with which to begin the world anew, and he already well advanced in years.

About this time (1832) there was growing up on the banks of the Merrimac the new manufacturing town of Lowell, then little more than a factory village, but destined to become ultimately the great city of loom and spindle. The cotton-mills were developing, and interest in the projected enterprise was widespread throughout New England. Boarding-houses for the operatives were in demand, and the mills offered a means of livelihood to young girls. "Attracted by these inducements," writes Rev. Dr. Addison, in his memorial of Lucy Larcom, "many New England families left their homes in the mountains of New Hampshire and along the coast and went to Lowell. The class of the employees was consequently different from the ordinary factory hand of to-day. Girls of education and refinement, who had no idea of remaining in a mill all their lives, worked in them for some years with the object often of helping to send a brother to college or making money enough to continue their education, or to aid dear ones who had been left suddenly without support."

Mrs. Harriet (Hanson) Robinson, of Malden, Mass., in her valuable monograph on "Early Factory Labor in New England," and in her more recent work, "Loom and Spindle," gives a graphic account

of this remarkable movement toward Lowell in 1832, in which her own family were represented, when stories of the new place and the high wages offered to working-people were circulated throughout New England and "gave new life to lonely and dependent women in distant towns and farmhouses." Her brother, the late J. W. Hanson, D. D., of Chicago, has also described the earlier years of Lowell and its unique population. "The extraordinary rise and growth of the place," he says, "attracted some of the brightest of the people of New England. Enterprising men and their wives, sisters and daughters of enterprising families—people of both sexes and from all sections of the best part of the population—flocked to fill the avenues of employment open to them, and the young city became remarkable for its enterprise and intense mental activity and life." Dr. Hanson's early youth was spent in Lowell (1832 to 1845), and he further records that nothing in his experience or observation since has shown "so remarkable a social and mental condition."

These were the days, it will be understood, before the incursion of foreign population had changed the order of society. The new manufacturing town held to the well-settled principles of New England life, and was noted for its "good order, morality,

piety and all that was dear to the old-fashioned New Englander's heart." It was to Lowell, thus attractive to families with growing children, and offering these inducements for paid labor of old and young, that the Turner family removed in 1833, when failing health and the loss of his property impelled the father, then over 50 years old, to leave New Hampshire and to seek a new home for his family of wife and daughters.

Elizabeth was the eldest of the daughters, and 11 years old when the family removed to Lowell. The mother opened a corporation-house for boarding the mill-girls, and "Lizzie" became an operative in the mills at the above tender age. The work was not arduous in the spinning-rooms. The bobbins on the frames were changed only every three-quarters of an hour, but the girls were required to attend to their looms more than twelve hours out of every twenty-four. It should be remarked, however, that the law requiring that all children under the age of 14 should attend school three months in the year was strictly enforced. The true idea of the dignity of labor fortunately prevailed in the new community by the Merrimac. "So in Lowell," as Dr. Addison remarks, "there was a wide-awake set of girls working for their daily bread, with the

determination to make the most of themselves." They reasoned, with Lucy Larcom, who, like Elizabeth Turner, was a Lowell mill-girl at 11 years of age, "that the manufacture of cloth should, as a branch of feminine industry, ever have suffered a shadow of discredit will doubtless appear to future generations a most ridiculous barbarism; to prepare the clothing of the world seems to have been regarded as womanly work in all ages." And the beautiful fact already noted should be remembered, that in the large majority of cases, these young women were working with the noblest motives, for the help of those dear to them. It was, furthermore, not regarded as a life-work to the destruction of all hope or outlook for the future, but only as filling a pressing temporary need. Miss Larcom expressed it in "An Idyl of Work" as follows:

"Not always to be here among the looms —  
Scarcely a girl she knew expected that;  
Means to one end, their labor was to put  
Gold nest-eggs in the bank, or to redeem  
A mortgaged homestead, or to pay the way  
Through classic years at some academy;  
More commonly to lay a dowry by  
For future housekeeping."

Elizabeth Turner's school-days ended when she was 14, two-thirds of her time for three years

previously having been devoted to factory work. She was well prepared to enter the high-school, but the circumstances of the family did not permit. Her mother's increasing cares demanded her help in the household, and her time and strength, when not engaged in the factory, were henceforth given to the home. On Elizabeth devolved in large measure the care of the younger sisters. It was a responsibility cheerfully assumed and most faithfully discharged. The little mother of those days nobly fulfilled her mission, and the sisters grew up not only to love and honor her, but also to depend upon her in the family emergencies.

It was while engaged in the mill that Elizabeth Turner received the immeasurable impulse and direction of her life outside the family relation. This came as the result of her acquaintance and association with the pastors of the Universalist churches in the city, Thomas B. Thayer, Abel C. Thomas and Alonzo A. Miner. Mr. Turner during a long illness had made the Scriptures his only study, with the result that he became a well-grounded believer in Universalism, but it was not until he removed to Lowell that he had the privilege of enjoying the preaching of his newly-found faith. It was fortunate for him and his family that its pulpit

exponents in Lowell were the pastors just mentioned—eminent even at that time for their gifts and eloquence, and conspicuous leaders of the Universalist Church in subsequent years. Mr. Turner and his family were members of the Second church, then in charge of Mr. Thomas, and Lizzie soon became active in church work and in the social life of the large congregation, composed in great part of the operatives in the mills. Mrs. Robinson describes her at this time as “sprightly, vivacious and universally popular. She was tall and graceful, had dark brown hair and star-bright eyes, and a kindly and smiling expression.”

One form of the mental activity which Lowell assumed in these early days, particularly in the '40s, was that of the improvement societies or circles, little organizations of a literary and educational character, composed of the young people of the factories anxious for self-improvement. One of these societies was established by Rev. Abel C. Thomas in the Second church in the early part of 1840, and Rev. Thomas B. Thayer, of the First church, also organized a similar society among the young people of that parish. The meetings of these societies were held fortnightly and were of great benefit in stimulating the intellectual energies of the

young girls who mainly composed the membership. The young men were encouraged to discuss the topics of the day, and the young women to write upon any subject they preferred. The plan followed was to secure contributions from the members and have them read in "open meeting" without announcing the names of the authors. The articles thus secured were of a miscellaneous character, covering a wide range of subjects, embracing essays, poems and allegories, incidents of history and travel, sketches and stories, easy dissertations on science, religion and morals, all representative of the various tastes and talents of the writers. The symposium was held fortnightly, and the reading of the papers constituted what Mr. Thomas called an "intellectual banquet" and was the only entertainment of the circle. It is an interesting fact that as many as ten of the young men of the two congregations were here developed "as plants under a genial sun," and became successful ministers of the Universalist Church, namely, J. W. Hanson (who gives the names), George H. Emerson, H. R. Nye, D. M. Reed, A. R. Abbott, Asa and Willard Spaulding, Varnum Lincoln, C. A. Bradley and J. J. Putnam, with perhaps others.

Out of these improvement circles of the two



Universalist churches grew the unique *Lowell Offering* of 1840-5. The scheme to print a selection from the articles in magazine form originated with Mr. Thomas, but the entire material was furnished by the young women operatives. The first number appeared in October, 1840 "wholly written," as announced, "by females employed in the mills." This mill-girls' magazine was the only one of the kind in the world and was also the first periodical in America written entirely by women. The experiment has been well described "as the sudden intellectual blossoming of half a century ago," and as "a curious phase in the life of New England that must always puzzle the historians of its literature."

The *Lowell Offering* attracted wide attention in this country on account of the ability displayed in the articles as well as for the fact of its unique origin. It also secured recognition in unexpected quarters beyond the Atlantic. Harriet Martineau, M. Thiers, the French historian and Madame George Sand had words of praise for the venture. It is said that M. Thiers carried a volume into the Chamber of Deputies "to show what working-women in a republic could do," and Dr. Addison tells us that a gentleman attending the literary lectures, in Paris, of Philarette Chasles, was surprised to hear one in

which the significance and merit of the *Lowell Offering* were the sole theme.

Charles Dickens, during his first American visit, in 1842, came to Lowell on a tour of inspection and carried home a bound volume of the magazine. Amid the very general displeasure excited by his "American Notes," it was pleasing to the Lowell girls and their friends that he had a gracious word for the factory operatives and the *Lowell Offering*. "Of its merits as a literary production," he wrote, "I will only observe, putting entirely out of sight the fact of the articles having been written by these girls after the arduous labors of the day, that it will compare advantageously with a great many English annuals."

Among these writers we find several names subsequently well-known to fame. Lucy Larcom, the New England poetess, Harriot F. Curtis ("Minnie Myrtle"), the novelist, Eliza Jane Cate, corresponding member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and author of several popular books, Margaret Foley, the sculptor, who "carved at Rome faces in marble classic as her own," and Mrs. Harriet H. Robinson, the future historian of "Loom and Spindle" and author of "The New Pandora" and other works. There were many others who in

less conspicuous fields of work secured recognition as women of rare talents and useful service to the world.

In a letter from Lucy Larcom to Mrs. Sawyer, February 5, 1879, the well-known New England writer says: "Many still believe it quite impossible that girls could ever have worked in the mills and at the same time have cultivated literary and artistic tastes. There was not much room for the latter, to be sure, but I have never since, although I have been a teacher of young ladies, found myself in the society of more intelligent girls than at Lowell."

In this brilliant coterie of young women Elizabeth Turner had a prominent place. Graduating from the improvement circle of Mr. Thomas' church, she became one of the earliest writers for the *Lowell Offering*. The second number (December, 1840) contains an article from "E. E. T." on "The Instructions of Affliction," and the number for March, 1841, has a second article from her youthful pen. Seven articles in the bound volume for 1841-2 bear her initials. These articles are beyond the average of school-girl essays and are marked by deep religious feeling, a maturity of thought and facility of expression uncommon

among girls of her age, and are indeed remarkable as the productions of one who had never even written "compositions" in her school-days. It is singular, considering her subsequent devotion to verse, that all her contributions to the *Offering* are in prose. Mr. Thomas shared the slight profits of the venture with his contributors, and Lizzie Turner was one of the paid writers. The friendship formed in the early days between these young girls was of life-long duration. Adeline Bradley Sturtevant, one of the early writers, a few years older than Mrs. Sawyer, addressed her "Friend Lizzie, on her birthday in 1892," the following lines:

"Dear friend of many youthful years,  
When life was full of hope and joy,  
I greet thee now with smiles and tears,  
For time has brought us its alloy.

"Yet over this, thy natal day,  
I would not e'en a shadow cast;  
But rather bring to thee a ray  
Of brightness from the blended past.

"I think of thee when young and fair,  
By earnest duty daily led,  
In life's stern path of toil and care,  
Which youthful feet reluctant tread.

"But thou, with smiling lips and eyes,  
And blushes on thy changing cheek,  
With modest mien, but presence wise,  
Didst fortune's favors soon bespeak.

- " Within that path by duty hedged,  
Grew many wild flowers all along,  
Whose fragrance cheered some moments pledged .  
To fancy, poesy and song.
- " With heart responsive to each call,  
With cheerful courage, true and rare,  
Thy steps ne'er faltered until all  
Thy future blossomed bright and fair.
- " And now with all of life's best gifts  
Within thy ever faithful hands;  
With trust which claims, and faith which lifts  
The soul above earth's low demands;
- " With sacred ties of kindred near,  
Encircling thee with tender love,  
Thou seem'st to have the blessing, dear,  
Which cometh only from above.
- " Adieu! If haply granted coming years,  
Our summer tryst, so rarely sweet,  
Will be recalled with happy tears,  
If not again on earth we meet."

In 1848 the Turner family removed to Boston, and three years afterwards, July 31, 1851, Miss Turner was married to Charles B. Sawyer, then, as before stated, a merchant in St. Louis, Dr. Miner uniting and blessing them. The union thus consummated was destined under Divine Providence to last until death sundered it forty-five years later. It proved a singularly happy one, an ideal union in many respects, rich in the best elements of conjugal affection, and the source of constant happiness quite

as much by force of contrast as of resemblance. Mr. Sawyer was of a calm, even temperament and cheerful disposition, of quiet dignity of manner, devoted to business, with ambition centered in that direction, of excellent judgment in all practical affairs and capable of wise decision when decision was necessary. Mrs. Sawyer was of the more lively order, was more emotional, formed opinions more rapidly, expressed them more decidedly and changed them more frequently. The couple were devoted to each other, and their home-life was of the ideal order. No husband and wife were ever more completely united in their home, their family and their friends.

The residence in St. Louis, as we have seen in the sketch of Mr. Sawyer, followed early in their married life, and six years after their marriage they settled in Chicago, and from that time forward, until death sundered the earthly bonds, Chicago was their home. In 1855 the city contained less than 150,000 people. The overgrown Chicago of multitudinous population was yet far in the distance, but it was advancing with rapid strides and gave promise of future greatness. In this earlier day there was more opportunity for social and friendly intimacy among the people; more of them knew each other in their

homes and visited more frequently than is possible now in the widely extended city. The Sawyers formed many pleasant and valuable friendships among the early residents, which remained with them through life and ended only as death claimed old neighbors and friends. Their religious associations were also congenial. In the First Universalist Society (St. Paul's church) they found some of the best families of the city, like themselves from New England, actively engaged in religious work, and building up what was to become in the near future one of the strongest and most influential churches in the city. St. Paul's became their religious home, and henceforth they were among its most active and honored members. Rev. W. H. Ryder came from Roxbury, Mass., in 1860 as the minister of this church, and for twenty-two years he was their beloved and honored pastor. Dr. Ryder was proud to number them among his parishioners, and they were his devoted friends and supporters during his long ministry. When he ceased to be pastor of the church, the sacred intimacy of the years was hardly interrupted. He remained the beloved and revered friend of the family until his lamented death in 1881.

The married life of Mrs. Sawyer amply fulfilled the promise of her brilliant girlhood. One who







1640 INDIANA AVENUE, CHICAGO.

remembered Lizzie Turner in the early Lowell days "as the eldest of a family of beautiful girls, tall, graceful, animated, dignified, active in religious, literary and social circles, popular among her associates and easily attracting observation in any group," found her again, after a separation of twenty-five years, "the fulfilled prophecy of her girlhood, presiding in one of Chicago's most prominent homes, a model wife, mother and daughter, and leading in all movements that aimed at the welfare of mankind."

During many years in Chicago the family residence was No. 1640 Indiana Avenue, the homestead originally built by the late Jason Gurley. It is a pleasant, roomy, old frame dwelling in the immediate vicinity of more modern and imposing houses, one of the substantial comfort and home-like arrangements not always found in more stately mansions. This old home will be always pleasantly remembered by those who have experienced its hospitality. The Sawyers understood and practiced the grace of hospitality; they were always ready to receive their friends and entertained them handsomely. The house was seldom without guests; and when the conventions and associations of the Universalist Church were held in the city, it was the

scene of many delightful reunions with old friends. Their winter residence in later years was in Pasadena, California.

"Arlington Heights," as described by one who knows the beautiful place and its surroundings, "is an ideal California home. It is located on a gentle eminence in a valley of unsurpassed beauty, which it overlooks—the San Gabriel, with the vast Sierra Madre range in full view. It contains almost every plant grown in that semi-tropical region and yields a perpetual succession of flowers and fruits from January to January." Mrs. Sawyer had for several years longed to pass the colder seasons in southern California, but Mr. Sawyer felt held by the imperative demands of business. At length persuaded to make a brief visit, the purchase of Arlington Heights immediately followed. Improved and replenished by their mutual taste, it became a lovely home for the mid-winter sojourn. It seemed as though Providence had ordained a serene Indian summer to the long and busy life of this happy twain. But, alas! the season though bright was brief; the husband taken, the light of the home was extinguished to the bereaved survivor, and soon, as sooner or later in all earthly homes, the earthly house was exchanged for one of the



ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, PASADENA, CAL.



"many mansions" in the "house not made with hands."

The influence of the *Lowell Offering* on Mrs. Sawyer was never lost. To the last years of her life she retained a lively interest in the unique experiment and desired its history recorded for the benefit of the future. She was always proud of her connection with the mill-girls' magazine and encouraged Mrs. Robinson to prepare and publish, in 1898, "Loom and Spindle," an invaluable record of the old factory days, and the only complete account of the *Offering* and its writers which has thus far appeared. "We will see," she wrote to her old friend, "if our *Lowell Offering* can not be made to live for many, many years to come, and be an object lesson to the mill-girls of the present day." Mrs. Sawyer was indebted to that periodical for the first opportunity of literary expression, and it gave a direction to her mind which was influential in all her subsequent life. Amid the responsibilities of her married life she found time for the particular studies in which she was interested, and in a varied and extensive correspondence in which her gift in letter-writing was a constant delight to her friends. Her letter-writing was not simply of the conventional order of social or family correspondence, but

reflected her interest in the questions of the day, in religion, politics and reform, as they claimed, from time to time, public attention. While she wrote a good style of prose, clear, concise and always to the point, verse was her favorite vehicle of expression. With her poetic temperament and her lively apprehension of the beautiful in nature and her sympathy with all forms of exalted moral sentiment, it was inevitable that this should be the case.

While her poetry has been frequently printed in the periodicals of her Church and in other places; it was chiefly designed for her own solace and the enjoyment of her friends. It was copiously produced during the last thirty years of her life. "Her relatives, friends and acquaintances have felt the deep pathos, welcome felicity, or heartfelt sympathy of her lines. A birthday, wedding or death in the family has rarely failed of recognition from her pen." This last remark gives us the key to her largest ambitions as a writer of poetry. While always pleased to see her verses in print, she never collected them for publication in book form. They were written *en famille*, and with the exception of occasional verses on public occasions, and the pieces she contributed to her church papers, they remain unpublished. Three volumes, each of several

hundred pages, with the poems type-written, are the sources from which those printed in this memorial are selected.

During the civil war Mrs. Sawyer was among the most efficient of the many women in Chicago who wrought for the soldiers and the country, and at the time of her death was still a member of the Soldier's Home board. In the great fair of the Sanitary Commission she was one of the foremost helpers of Mrs. Livermore and worked day and night for its success. In the darkest hour of the war, and before emancipation was proclaimed as the policy of the nation, her prayer for liberty was voiced in the following invocation:

"Heavenly Father, God of battles!  
We invoke Thy powerful aid,  
In the cause of human freedom  
Is our supplication made.  
Guide us with unerring wisdom  
In this gloomy trial hour,  
And through all its darkest lessons,  
Make us feel Thy love and power.

"For this civil war now raging,  
Crushing life and breaking hearts,  
Leaving many lonely households  
Whence the bravest one departs;  
Oh! for all this grief and mourning  
Which must follow war's demand,  
Give us for this painful struggle,  
LIBERTY throughout the land!"



In more recent years Mrs. Sawyer has been actively interested in benevolent and charitable work. She was a constant helper and friend of the various relief organizations of the city. The temperance reform, equal suffrage, and every enterprise that looked in the direction of the enfranchisement of women and their betterment amid hard social conditions, found in her a consistent and influential friend. While she gave much time and thought to woman suffrage and was always ready to welcome every reformatory movement, she was not led into any public advocacy of suffrage or any other reform beyond the willing service of her pen. Mrs. Sawyer from girlhood was very retiring and as one who knew her well said, "to witness any obtrusiveness, especially in women, was always repulsive to her." This same friend in describing her character pronounced her "most truly a womanly woman and one who must be known intimately to be appreciated." She was a member of the Illinois Woman's Alliance, the Illinois Woman's Press Association and the Chicago Woman's Club. During the World's Columbian Exposition she was actively engaged in the several woman's congresses and also served on the Woman's Advisory Council of the Universalist Church.

Reference has been made to the responsibility early assumed by Mrs. Sawyer in the case of her younger sisters. It was a responsibility never altogether relinquished. It was a beautiful feature in the family life of Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer that her sisters enjoyed in a large measure the good fortune that came to the eldest on her happy marriage to Mr. Sawyer. The unmarried sisters and their mother, who died in 1892, all passed much of their time in the Sawyer household, and it was ever Mr. Sawyer's endeavor and pleasure to provide for their comfort. Even the married sisters have, in their distant homes, felt in many ways the substantial influence of his kindness of heart. The youngest sister, Maria, particularly was as much one of the household as though in fact adopted, and upon her the blow of Mr. Sawyer's death fell with paralyzing severity, carrying with it the deepest sorrow and resulting in temporary prostration. Another sister, Cornelia, passed much of her time with the Sawyers and died at their Chicago home in the winter of 1876, and rests in Forest Hills. They were all remembered in his will. The same unselfish interest characterized all the actions of Mr. Sawyer toward those with whom he was associated as kindred or friends, and the tender regard in which

he was held by them, and the reflection and realization that the privilege of his friendship was once theirs, is compensation in part for his loss and makes his memory dear.

Mrs. Sawyer survived her husband only a few lonely years. Her death occurred February 13, 1900, in Pasadena, where she had arrived on her annual visit only a few days before. It is a sad coincidence that the death of both husband and wife occurred as the return to California was projected. Mr. Sawyer died January, 1896, on the eve of starting for California; Mrs. Sawyer as the journey from Chicago ended. Death resulted from a sudden attack of pneumonia, following what seemed to be at first only a slight cold which it was supposed she had taken on the journey. She was not regarded as seriously ill until the last few hours. Then the stroke came sharp and sudden, and with a terrible shock to all. Her youngest sister, Maria Turner, was with her and ministered to the last hours of the one who had watched over her own childhood and followed her through life with true sisterly tenderness and even motherly affection.

The funeral services in Pasadena were conducted by the pastor of the Universalist church, in the presence of many sorrowing friends. Rev. E. L. Conger,

D. D., and Rev. Dr. Hanson (since deceased) paid eloquent and touching tributes. It was one of the strange experiences of a not uneventful life, that after the lapse of two generations from their first meeting, Dr. Hanson should stand in the presence of her remains, on the shores of the distant Pacific, and pay a reverent tribute to the one he had known so long and held in such high esteem.

The body arrived in Chicago on the following Sunday evening, accompanied by the faithful sister, then suffering under the sore stress of this unexpected bereavement and almost worn out by the anxiety and watching of the previous week. On Monday afternoon, February 19, the Chicago home was once more the scene of solemn partings, as the son and his wife and the grandchildren, the old friends and neighbors, and many of her associates in church and benevolent work, looked for the last time on the beloved remains. She lay amid the flowers in the peace and beauty of death; the great change had made but little alteration in her appearance, and she looked as natural as in sleep. Rev. Dr. Cantwell, who was with the family in the former bereavement and assisted in the services at Mr. Sawyer's funeral, was the officiating minister and read over her remains the service in the "Gos-

pel Liturgy" of the Universalist Church, prepared by her old Lowell pastor, Rev. Abel C. Thomas. The address which followed was a touching tribute to the memory of Mrs. Sawyer, expressed in the words and the sympathetic tones of a personal grief. He said in his opening remarks:

"How often have we come in recent years to this familiar home to welcome Mrs. Sawyer on her return from the winter sojourn in sunny California. We remember how glad she was to see her friends on such occasions and how pleasant were our mutual greetings. She returns once more to the old home, but under what sadly changed circumstances! Only a few days absent from us, and now we are permitted to greet only the deserted tabernacle of clay that once held the loving spirit of our friend."

"Nothing could be more unjust to the memory of Mrs. Sawyer," continued Dr. Cantwell, "than to come together as her friends and neighbors to sympathize with the family in this bereavement, and then overlook or ignore her own cheerful and consoling faith in the Immortal Life. Dear as these earthly remains are to us all, and fondly as we cover them with flowers that she loved, we cleave for our comfort to her own strong faith, and we rejoice,

even amid our sorrow, that she has already joined the blessed company of the immortals. It is not, therefore, as dead that we recognize her to-day, but as one who has ascended, and who now lives with God in the company of those who have gone before. This is how she would have us welcome her last return to this dear earthly home. It is in this faith that we assemble to-day to say our words of affection over the body that has come across the continent and halts here for a few hours on its journey to the final resting-place in Forest Hills to mingle with kindred dust."

Dr. Cantwell, in the remarks which followed, sketched Mrs. Sawyer's early days in Lowell, her broad religious faith, and her life of usefulness to humanity and devotion to her family and kindred. He closed the heartfelt eulogy by reading one of her own poems, written on the death of Mrs. Abbie Eldridge Ames, the mother of Mrs. Charles A. Sawyer, a beautiful admonition to all who now sorrow for her own death. The lines may fitly close this memorial sketch and are as follows:

"Out from the hurry and worry,  
Out from the turmoil and strife,  
Out from the cares and the crosses  
Which oft overshadow this life.

"Up from the weakness and languor,  
Up from the presence of pain,  
Into the glorious freedom  
So hard for earth's children to gain.

"Mourn not that she suddenly left us;  
Rejoice at the swift glad surprise,  
When earth's scenes so quietly faded,  
And spirit-views gladdened her eyes.

"The weak, feeble body was banished,  
Her youth and her strength have returned,  
Long parted loved friends reunited —  
How quickly death's mystery learned!

"But life, like a dream, is soon ended.  
We wake: 'Tis the Spirit's birthday:  
Grieve for her not, she has risen —  
Left the frail body of clay.

"Lightly and fleeting her spirit  
Passed on in its heavenly way."

## **Flowers on the Grave**



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“And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one most loving of you all,  
Say ‘Not a tear o’er her must fall—  
He giveth His beloved sleep.’”

*Mrs. Browning.*

## Flowers on the Grave

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From among the many letters of condolence received by Mr. Charles A. Sawyer and his wife, when the tidings went forth of the death of the revered mother, the following are selected:

Miss Sophie C. Morris, New York City.

"I was most shocked at the terrible news of the death of your dear mother, and I want to assure you of my deepest sympathy and sorrow for you. I feel it a personal loss. I was so fond of her, and I know how terrible it must be to you to lose such a mother, one whom everybody loved, whose kindly influence extended far and wide. May God in His mercy help you to bear this terrible trial, and I only wish it were in my power to say or do something to comfort you. Hers was a beautiful life, and now hers is a great reward, and she is again with her dear husband, whom she mourned so deeply.

Will you convey my deepest sympathy to your wife also, who loved her as a mother. Poor, dear Marie! I have just written her, and I wish it were in my power to do something to help you. May you find your help in Him Who alone can comfort and strengthen you in this sad hour! My mother joins in deepest sympathy to you and Mrs. Sawyer."

Miss Helen Currier, Oak Park, Ill.

"Our morning paper brings us the news that Mrs. Sawyer has passed into the life beyond our vision.

"Your husband and yourself and family have the deepest sympathy of my sister and myself, in your sudden bereavement, which seems now so hard to realize. She has left to us a very pleasant memory and to her dear ones a most blessed one."

Mrs. A. W. Moulton, San Francisco.

"The news of your dear mother's death has been a great shock to us all, and I wish to express the deepest sympathy of myself and family to you in this great affliction. We all dearly loved your mother and fully appreciated her long friendship. Words fail to convey the regret I feel to lose such a friend, for she was ever loyal and kind to her old friends and acquaintances. So hospitable and kind to every one! It has been a great pleasure to correspond with her these forty years, and I regret that she could not have visited us again. The paper you so kindly forwarded, with the articles in regard to her lovely life and character, I shall ever cherish as long as I live."

Mrs. Ella L. Cowdrey, Chicago.

"How I wish I could say something to comfort you in your hour of sorrow. Human love and sympathy though freely given can not heal the wound. My heart is full of feelings for you all which I can not express to you in words. I can not tell you how pained and surprised I was to hear the dear Auntie Sawyer had passed away. As far back as I can remember my own dear mother do I remember her dear, kind face. I regret deeply that I had not been able to see her again. May our Heavenly Father's love comfort and sustain you in this hour of sorrow!"

A. L. Drummond, New York.

"I was much grieved to read of the death of your beloved mother, and I beg to extend to you and yours, in this sad and trying hour, my heartfelt sympathy. True, my acquaintance with your mother was limited, but several long and to me lovely and interesting letters came from her in the past half dozen years. Of course, as you know, they were all concerning 'Will,' and all that touches upon him is of interest to me. I do think your mother wrote some lovely things in these letters. There was something beautiful in every sentiment expressed. I am sure she left no acquaintance behind that will not say she

has gone to the land of the blessed. May God give you all strength to bear up under this, the greatest affliction that comes to mortal, the loss of a mother!"

Mrs. Ella M. Dole, Chicago.

"To learn of the death of Mrs. Sawyer was a great shock to me. I can not feel reconciled, so can only join your many friends in expression of sympathy without the words of comfort I ought to try to write. I had an uneasy feeling about her when she first came home from the east and afterward spoke to Nellie about it, but on her assuring me that she seemed well, I dismissed it from my thoughts, and when she came to the depot the night I left, looking so bright and happy, I thought that she would live at least ten years longer. How I shall miss her dear face and kind words, but how small my loss to yours! I hope our grief will not mar the happy meeting with the loved ones gone. Try to think of this. That strength may be given you all to bear the loss and courage and hope for your own lives is my prayer."

Mrs. Eleanor P. Townsend, Sycamore, Ill.

"I can not tell you of the shock to me on hearing that your dear mother had passed away. I had known her well since the summer of 1889, when I spent a portion of the year in New Hampshire. Your father and mother were there at that time. Two years ago this spring, when my daughter and myself were in California, she made it very pleasant for us. Early in last December, after the marriage of my youngest daughter, I had a long friendly letter from her. I answered that letter, and that is the last until this word that she had been suddenly called home. May the God of all comfort soften to you this heavy blow in the loss of this dear mother, and if the sympathy of her many devoted friends may help to allay your grief, you surely have that to overflowing."

From *The Universalist*, Chicago.

"The sudden death in Pasadena, California, on the 13th inst., of Mrs. Elizabeth E. T. Sawyer, of Chicago, came as a great shock to a numerous circle of friends in this city, where she was well known and universally esteemed. The older members of St. Paul's church are particularly saddened by her decease, as, with her husband, the late Chas. B. Sawyer, they were for many years very prominent in that church and always foremost in all parish concerns. Mrs. Sawyer was a woman of many friends, not only in church circles, but in various activities of the city relating to social, literary and humanitarian work. The notice of her death will be read with sad interest by those of our readers who recall her frequent contributions to *The Universalist* and *The Covenant*, and have long known her as one of the foremost Universalist woman of the city. Her death will cause a void in many circles of friendship, but her memory as a devoted and noble woman, always active in religious and humanitarian work, will remain as a blessing for many years."

# Poems

by

Mrs. C. F. Sawyer

"Hast thou heard the harp that holds  
In its soft and vibrant folds  
All the songs of all the birds,  
All the silver-sandled words  
That the players will who wait  
Far within the temple gate?  
Dost thou know the two who sit  
In the Holy Place of it?  
Thought and Feeling born above  
Of Immortal Truth and Love.  
Then thine eyes have seen indeed  
Him who bears the golden reed,  
Holds the height, the breadth, the plan  
Of the Angel in the Man."

*Mary A. Lathbury.*

# Poems

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## LOWELL REVISITED AFTER YEARS OF ABSENCE.

---

Back again to the home of her girlhood,  
The scenes of her earlier years,  
She came to revisit the places,  
Fond memory ever endears.

She longed to look into the faces,  
Of the faithful and old cherished friends,  
To renew the old friendships, still treasured  
Which the Past with the Present so blends.

She remembered the many bright visions  
Which were hers long years ago,  
When the future shone forth in rare glory,  
And life was made fair in its glow.

But the swift-rolling years had wrought changes;  
The "City of Spindles" had grown;  
On the farm-lands she left then around it,  
Fair, elegant homes are now shown.

Many streets and old buildings familiar  
Were found by her keen, searching glance,  
But how few were unchanged ! and her spirit  
Was wakened as from a deep trance.

New faces and forms filled the dwellings,  
The factories, homes and the streets,  
And in walking the whole city over  
Scarce one of the old friends she meets.

*Lowell, 1883.*



UNEXPECTED PATHS.

---

How strangely through unthought-of paths  
Our steps are led along!  
We can not turn aside; our course  
Seems marked by purpose strong.  
Events unlooked for have occurred  
And marred our best-laid plan;  
We can not do the thing we would,  
And must the thing we can.

Though disappointed and perplexed,  
We strive as best we may  
To walk the path we wish; but no,  
We're forced another way:  
We oft times see with thankfulness  
How wisely all was planned;  
Then let us trust that higher Power,  
That ever guiding Hand.

WILD BIRDS.

---

Lazily swinging in hammock—came ringing  
Notes of sweet melody—thrilling the air?  
Wild birds were singing and fitfully winging—  
Restless and caroling songs clear and rare!

Listening carelessly—as the birds restlessly  
Flitted and fluttered the green branches through,  
Sending from tiny throats, sweet wild bewitching notes  
Ravishing flute-like as near me they flew.

Wild birds! Your gracefulness—light swaying airiness—  
Playfully darting—still gleefully sing:  
While musing and swinging—your notes to me bringing  
Harmony—peace—as as they joyously sing  
Through the soft summer air.

## THOUGHTS OF DEATH.

When this busy brain is quiet,  
Its vain questionings all cease,  
When its ever-restless tenant  
Yields at last its life-long lease;  
When its ceaseless cares and trials,  
Its anxieties, are fled,  
When no more the soul is troubled  
By an evil done or said;  
When the words of blame fall heedless  
Where they once caused deepest pain,  
While the welcome praise of dear ones  
Happiness could bring again.  
All these earthly feelings ended,  
Cold and lifeless lies the clay  
Lately full of health and spirit—  
Lay it lovingly away.  
When the spirit leaves the body  
It has loved so long and well  
What will be its radiant clothing?  
Who this mystery can tell?  
As it quits its mortal moorings  
Will it look with loving eyes  
On familiar forms and faces  
Ere it leaves for Paradise?  
'Tis not like the clay, unconscious;  
Memory and love remain,  
And, however it may wander,  
Will these qualities retain.  
Strange and wonderful these changes;  
Yet at last they come to all;  
Blest are they who listen calmly  
Welcoming the final call.

*January 9, 1885.*

A SUMMER MORNING.

---

The air was sweet and fragrant  
With the scent of spruce and fir;  
So motionless, the tiniest leaf  
Had not the strength to stir:  
The pear, the peach and plum trees,  
Stood holding up their fruit,  
To catch the ripening sunshine,  
So proudly, yet so mute.

The birds were singing gayly  
As flitting here and there,  
They gave their sweetest music  
For a morn so bright and fair.  
The sky was mirrored clearly  
In the river's placid face,  
'Til it reached the rocky rapids  
And leaped with foamy grace.

Tall trees with drooping branches  
Seemed watching o'er the scene,  
Like grand and stately guardians  
Clad in richest robes of green.  
Earth, air and sky were glowing  
In the early morning light  
As though all nature gloried  
In a scene so fair and bright.

So peacefully and calmly  
Passed the early hours away,  
And so may pass the evening  
Of life's long busy day.

*Lowell, West Piazza, 61 Pawtucket St.*

MOTHER'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

JULY 19, 1890.

'Mid New Hampshire's farm-clad hillsides  
From their distant homes away,  
Nearly all your children gather  
On your ninetieth birthday.

In the quiet of the country  
Where the air is sweet and clear,  
Fragrant with the scent of flowers,  
New-made hay so fresh and near.

All day long wild birds are singing  
Songs that charm the listening ear,  
While the whippoorwill at twilight  
Adds her notes the night to cheer.

All these charms give rare enjoyment  
To this annual review;  
Added years bring added wisdom,  
Ever strengthening, ever new.

We have come with hearts o'erflowing,  
Full of joyful thanks, and say  
Glad congratulations to you  
On this ninetieth birthday.

May your added years grow brighter,  
Health and strength improve, not fail,  
Coming years bring all together  
Our reunion day to hail.

Age is nothing to the spirit  
That is always as in youth,  
Strong, clear, bright, bold, free, trustful,  
Ever in the light of truth.

'Till is reached the open portal  
In "the Life, the Truth, the Way,"  
Where no shadow ever falleth,  
This, the Spirit's true birthday.

A QUESTION.

---

What can I do for the good of our race?  
What ought another to do in my place?  
Could I see clearly my duty and way  
That would I choose without further delay.

Many a soul is thus seeking for light,  
Praying for wisdom, to know what is right,  
Seeking for guidance, the highest and best,  
Eager to work and their faithfulness test.

This is one answer that comes to us all,  
Whether we loudly or silently call:  
"Deal gently, love mercy, walk humbly with God."  
If, failing in this, we "pass under the rod."

TRUE WORSHIP.

---

What is true worship? 'Tis the thought  
That fills the soul with praise and prayer;  
Expressed or silent this can make  
True worship present everywhere.  
Within the loving, trusting heart  
Will it abide, a welcome guest,  
All places sacred are to such,  
All days are holy, all are blest.

'Tis not in towering, stately walls—  
'Tis in no form of word or deed—  
No pomp of ceremonials,  
No name, profession, sect or creed.  
Though all these hold the seeming truth  
They are but various outward signs,  
The husk—the shell—to show wherein  
Is oft times found the thought divine.

MOMENTARY WEAKNESS.

---

Does the road seem rough and dreary?  
Do the clouds hang dark and low?  
Wind and storm on their wild mission  
Face you as you onward go?

Are you weary, sad and lonely,  
Hope grown dim, and courage weak?  
Sick at heart from disappointments,  
Dearly loved ones vainly seek?

All at times find such conditions  
Overwhelm them like a tide.  
Rise and rouse your swift winged spirit,  
Then in peace and safety ride.

All the clouds will swiftly vanish.  
Faith's sweet confidence return—  
Smooth and flowery seem your pathway  
As oppressing thoughts you spurn.

Watch and guard the inner chamber  
Of your strange, mysterious soul?  
Spirit must its power establish—  
Over all moods gain control.

THANKS.

---

Father! For all thy ceaseless care,  
Thy countless blessings to us given,  
Thy boundless love which never fails,  
Thy mercy, full of hope and heaven—

For these our gratitude accept.  
Our speechless thoughts disdain control.  
Scan Thou, with Thine omniscient eye,  
The silent language of the soul.

CHANGES AND CONTRASTS.

---

The morning dawned all bright and clear,  
With balmy air—no dark clouds near;  
My heart was light, my spirits gay  
Fitting so perfect, rare a day.  
I planned a poem full of joy,  
Of happiness without alloy,  
Where all was peace and love and bliss  
And happiness no one could miss

Long ere the shadowy evening fell,  
And ere my pen its song could tell,  
Black clouds loomed up athwart the sky,  
My brain's light fancies seemed to fly.  
The sunlight faded from my view,  
And from my inner vision too,  
While through the earth and sky and air,  
The wind swept wildly everywhere.

As rolled the tempest overhead  
My spirit filled with terror dread;  
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roll  
Could almost paralyze the soul!  
In the wild rush of wind and hail,  
The stoutest-hearted well might quail.  
The roaring whirlwind went its way,  
No human power its course could stay.

While in its pathway far and wide  
Destruction showed on every side.  
My spirit frightened, saddened, dark,  
Had lost that bright electric spark  
Which gave life such a glorious hue,  
When morning sunshine gemmed the dew.  
Such contrasts must all bright things dim.  
Thus ended my sweet, peaceful hymn.

A PERFECT DAY AND A PERFECT HOME.

---

A perfect day—a deep-blue sky—  
Soft fleecy clouds within it lie,  
Casting their moving shadows o'er  
Mountain and valley—one grace more  
Added to all this glorious scene,  
This sunny land of fadeless green.

The towering mountains rough and grand,  
Like guarding sentinels they stand,  
O'erlooking, sheltering these vales  
From northern storms and wintry gales.  
Firm, silent, restful to our gaze  
Though clear, or bathed in purple haze.

O'er restless hearts, they breathe a calm,  
To sorrowing souls a healing balm,  
To weary spirits, soothing rest,  
Give happy lives an added zest,  
Fresh faith and hope with vigor rise  
Watching their summits pierce the skies.

Close nestled at their rocky base  
Lies many a flow'r-engirdled space  
Within which lovely homes are found  
Where peace, health, happiness abound;  
While love and friendship there abide,  
And home's dear charms are glorified.

*Arlington Heights, Pasadena,  
April 5, 1894.*



A WINTER SCENE.

---

The rain had been ceaselessly falling all day,  
And freezing as fast as it fell,  
'Till the beautiful vision spread out to our gaze  
No language has power to tell.

Every shrub, every twig of the wide-spreading trees  
Was encased in a coat of pure ice,  
And gracefully bending beneath its fair load,  
Seemed robed as by magic device.

Each telephone wire seemed by crystal encased  
And heavily fringed by the same,  
While the raindrops which glided from each slanting roof,  
Bright icicles quickly became.

The trees had been motionless— not a branch stirred  
For hours through the long, gloomy day,  
But now the wind rises, the heavy limbs move  
As through them it forces its way!

Some weak ones are broken, the rest still remain,  
To wrestle with each passing breeze;  
But twilight comes on, and the wind dies away,  
With our fears for the safety of trees.

Dark clouds veiled the moon, and stars are obscured,  
Dense darkness concealed the fair sight,  
Except where the rays of the gaslight were caught  
And reflected the dazzling light.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

---

What is a Christian life? We ask,  
And yet we all the answer know.  
It is to follow in the path  
Our Saviour trod so long ago;  
To bear with tireless patience ills  
Which cross our paths from every side,  
Bearing the burdens, cares, and griefs  
Which with us oftentimes must abide.

Pursuing cheerfully the way  
Appointed, whereso'er it leads;  
Assisting others as we may  
By soothing words and helpful deeds.  
Making our homes so full of peace,  
Of joy and happiness and rest,  
That those we love, to us most dear,  
Shall feel their lot is truly blest.

A FRAGMENT.

---

How strangely are blended our hopes and our fears;  
How constantly mingling our smiles and our tears;  
One moment almost on the verge of despair,  
The next, all the future is cloudless and fair.

How many a scheme to annoy and perplex,  
To cloud the weak brain and the sad heart to vex;  
But brief are their visits, and thus we endure  
What else would be hopeless, and nothing seem sure.

A PRAYER.  

---

O Father! harden not the hearts  
Of those whom thou hast blest  
With health, prosperity and friends,  
Whom fortune hath caressed.

Still keep them generous and true,  
With open hearts and hands,  
To aid the helpless, friendless poor  
As Thy Good Word commands.

My Father! doubts are in my soul,  
And clouds obscure the way;  
O, solve them, and around my steps  
Shed down a guiding ray.

For I would know, and do the right  
Be just and true to all;  
Do all my duty here, and joy  
To hear Thy homeward call.

The cares of life are wearisome,  
Its trials hard to bear;  
When health and strength seem leaving us,  
We yield to dull despair.

Hope can not brighten up our lot  
As in the days gone by,  
When youth was eager, hopes were light,  
And joys were crowding nigh.

A FRAGMENT.

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Roll softly, roll slowly, ye fast gliding years.  
Fill life with fresh beauty and banish all fears.  
Let sad hearts be gladdened, no sorrowing tears  
Fall from eyes that are heavy with weeping.  
*The past has been glorious*, full to the brim.  
Rejoice in its blessings, breathe forth a glad hymn,  
Let not a few shadows its bright visions dim,  
Rare memories are held in its keeping.

A SPRING PICTURE.

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The grass was thickly dotted with gold,  
For the dandelions were gay:  
While many had on white feathery caps  
All ready to fly away.  
  
The rough, black oaks were donning in glee  
Their loveliest robes of green;  
Tho' the delicate pink of the earliest leaves,  
Looked like blossoms the dark boughs between.

AUTUMN.

---

Like the leaves of the forest  
Falling thickly in autumn,  
The sport of each breeze,  
Be it gentle or mild,  
So seemingly guided  
Are we by some power,  
As drifting or shifting,  
By swift gale or mild.



## **Society Testimonials**

**SOCIETY OF MAYFLOWER DESCENDANTS  
IN THE STATE OF ILLINOIS**

**ELIZABETH EMERSON (TURNER) SAWYER**

**WIDOW OF CHARLES BAILEY SAWYER**

**BORN AT LYME, NEW HAMPSHIRE, AUGUST 27, 1822**

**DIED AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY 13, 1900**

**GENERAL NUMBER 1378**

**STATE NUMBER 67**

## Society Testimonials

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### I.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY OF  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CHICAGO.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES A. SAWYER:

*Dear Friends:*—The members of the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's Universalist Church wish to express their great grief at the death of your esteemed mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Sawyer. We mourn her loss as one of our oldest members. Always connected with our church and ever devoted to its best interests, we feel that we have lost a dear and faithful friend.

We wish, therefore, to extend to you and your family our sincere and loving sympathy in your sad bereavement. May you be comforted and sustained by the glorious faith which we hold.

Sincerely yours,

LOIS ENDICOTT SNOW,

CHICAGO, Feb. 21, 1900.

*Secretary.*

### II.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION,  
CHICAGO, Feb. 14, 1900.

MR. CHARLES A. SAWYER:

*Dear Sir:*—By request of the Illinois Woman's Press Association I extend to you our heartfelt sympathy in this great sorrow and bereavement through which you are passing, and we long to send you some comforting thought of your dear mother; some tribute of love and appreciation of her beautiful life, so full of good deeds and tender helpfulness to other women, to the poor and needy, especially, to whom she was ever "the friend



indeed," and who will miss her more than words can express. To the Illinois Woman's Press Association she was a constant inspiration, and her passing away leaves a vacant place in our ranks that will ever be held sacred to her memory; and in recognition of the association's loss, it is

*Resolved*, That the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Emerson Sawyer will ever be cherished for the life that was so richly endowed with talents and so faithfully devoted to the cause of humanity and the uplifting of the poor and lowly.

And the Illinois Woman's Press Association will ever remember with affectionate pride how often her refined and beautiful nature found fitting expression in poems of rare sweetness and delicate pathos, yet full of graceful strength, with faith, hope and charity so blended as to cheer the faint-hearted, give new courage to the weary, and rest and peace to the burden-bearers.

To those nearest and dearest to her she was a warm-hearted, devoted friend, and to-day we mingle our tears with those of her bereaved household, and tender to her family and friends these words of tender sympathy and condolence.

MARIA S. ORWIG,  
*Chairman Memorial Committee.*

### III.

#### UNIVERSALIST WOMAN'S ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

The accompanying memorial was read at the Universalist Woman's Association, May 12, 1900, at Santa Paula, during the session of the State convention:

"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene,  
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next."

Again the shadow of death falls upon our beloved members, and they are borne away from our association. Mrs. C. B. Sawyer of Chicago was many times a member of this association, for

she gave freely of her dollars to its work as well as to the church and charities of Pasadena each season of her return for six years. With graces of mind and manners, Mrs. Sawyer won friends and confidence wherever she sojourned, and held them long and lovingly. Spiritual, conscientious, and modest withal, she was a safe friend. From early life she was devoted to the Church of the Universalist faith, and for years after she made the West her home, she was a prominent worshiper at St. Paul's, Chicago, under the now sainted Dr. Ryder. Throughout the prosperous years that came to her later in life, she went forth full-handed among the lowly and helpless; and it is pleasant to record she did not forget them when she came to "set her house in order" ready to obey the summons to "come up higher." It may be pleasant to her many friends to know that several members of the association were present at the last sad service, and, with tender hands and loving hearts, joined in strewing roses and pansies, from her own grounds in Pasadena, over the still form waiting to be transported east to be laid among "the graves of her household." Gone, but not lost, is the hope of our all-sustaining faith.

MRS. G. H. DEERE,  
*Chairman of Memorial Committee.*

#### IV.

SOLDIERS' HOME BOARD,  
CHICAGO.

WHEREAS, Our dearly beloved vice-president, Mrs. Elizabeth E. T. Sawyer, departed this life February 13, 1900, this board desires to put upon record its deep sense of loss in the death of this noble woman and its keen appreciation of her long and valuable services.

Elizabeth Emerson Turner was born in Lyme, New Hampshire, August 27, 1822. She was well born and well bred, the descendant of Revolutionary heroes. In early life, when reverses

came to the family, she bravely put her shoulder to the wheel and worked in a factory.

Her noble aspirations in these trying days are seen in the pages of that remarkable magazine, the *Lowell Offering*, which was published by the operatives of the mills at Lowell, and contained the early poetical efforts of Lucy Larcom and others who became famous in the field of literature.

Elizabeth Turner was happily married to Charles B. Sawyer, a man of rare nobility of character. Early in their married life they moved to Chicago.

Tried in the school of poverty in her youth, she was later tried in the harder school of wealth. A gifted and scholarly woman of cultivated tastes, with wealth at her command, she did not live a selfish life of culture, but with broad sympathies and unselfish motives she gave consecrated service to the poor and oppressed.

Her beautiful life showed the faithful discharge of every duty as daughter, sister, wife, mother. In social life she dispensed a gracious hospitality, and in the field of charity and public work, she was unsparing in her labors for humanity.

We bear loving testimony to the faithful and efficient work of Mrs. Sawyer as a charter member of the Soldiers' Home Board and tender to her family our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

MRS. BESSIE BRADWELL HELMER,  
*Secretary.*

V.

NATIONAL CHRISTIAN LEAGUE  
FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL PURITY.  
MRS. E. B. GRANNIS, PRESIDENT.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1900.

MR. C. A. SAWYER,  
Chicago, Ill.:

*Dear Sir:*—Please accept my thanks for kindly sending me the announcement of the death of your mother. There is no sympathy that I can offer as effective, in my own judgment, as

my most hearty congratulations to a man so favored in being the son of two such people as your good father and mother. I shall never cease to remember, with tears in my heart, my gratitude to God that such women as Mrs. Sawyer have helped to inspire women with courage to bear their own troubles and to help on others, in view of her remarkable struggles in childhood and her equally happy record in almost an ideal life of domesticity and financial prosperity. The account of her factory life, as related to me when I first knew her in Washington, has never ceased to be a source of personal help. I can always see that lovely, patient little girl, in the sore hardships of that early life, helping to support her invalid father, the younger children, and comforting the mother and whole household, not only with the proceeds of her daily toil, but the other choicer gifts which are so well known and appreciated by those nearest to her by blood, and who have the comfort of the knowledge that she is freed from every human weakness and clothed with perfect strength and fitness for every service of helpfulness that shall be her privilege to render, which is the glory of such a transfer from mortality to immortality.

She did not live to render much service as vice-president of the State of Illinois for the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity, but she gave her name, and that with her record, will ever be remembered with gratitude and also help other people to render their best service.

I was just about to send her a letter when I received the notice of her death, asking her to write something for the legislature in regard to a bill which we have there relative to the marriage relation, and in which interest we are getting letters from various States concerning the workings of the law in each.

Faithfully your friend,

ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS.

















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In memoriam, Charles B. Sawyer and  
Andover-Harvard

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